

Dark Fire

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Summary: Night Fury is a lonely dragon - but that's the way he likes it. Bitter and hateful of all living creatures, what happens when a young Viking catches him. AU of the start of the first film, one-shot.

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Disclaimer: I own nothing

Warning: Contains some scenes of gore that some may find disturbing...

'The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.' The dragon knew the description that those two-legs-pointy-helms gave him. The dragon also knew its name: Night Fury; he had heard it screamed through the night often enough.

He also knew the names given to the other dragons. Bumbling, fat Gronkles. Stubborn, proud Monstrous Nightmares. Loud, highly strung Deadly Nadders. Indecisive, argumentative Hideous Zipplebacks.

Oh how Night Fury hated them.

But he knew the unspoken rule: Kill a dragon - be hunted until you have shared their fate.

Night Fury had killed before though; many times he had fired a blast of scorching fire into the path of an idiotic two-legs.

He counted the hours until the Mother released the volcano of dragons to hunt. They were free to come and go as they pleased but as Night Fury had realized it was best to wait until cover of darkness, and the distractions of his idiotic companions, before raiding a two-legs village.

Each night memories flooded his mind, compelling him to kill and he was oh too eager to obey.

Each blast that was fired from his maw, each explosion that rattled the earth, each cry of 'Night Fury get down!' was a release for him. Sick satisfaction cooled his internal fire of bloodlust, dulled the constant itch in his retractable teeth, waiting impatiently to be sunken into flesh.

The species of his victims mattered not. Although he carried a special hatred for those two-legs-pointy-helms, any living creature was enough to satisfy his hunger for blood. He didn't even need to eat the kill, it was enough for him to simply see it lifeless at his feet, blood pooling beneath the carcass.

He lived in the volcano with many of the other dragons, he would have rather found a remote crevice in a distant cliff in which to do his brooding but he wanted, needed to be close to the Mother. He had the first to hear her call as he was always the most eager to do her bidding.

Sometimes a bug would crawl out of a crack and into his cave; dragons above would be shocked and puzzled by the screaming roars and flashes of fire from the mist below as Night Fury drove himself into a rage, obliterating the harmless creature. He lived alone down in the depths; only kept company by the Mother, whose head would occasionally protrude from the pit in which she lay, not even Night Fury was brave enough to go right to the bottom.

All other dragons had learned to leave him be, the few that hesitantly flapped down to his level were immediately rebutted by his ferocious growls and deadly glint in his eyes.

Night Fury never stole food on raids, instead using the time to shoot two-legs houses and burn any unfortunate two-legs that happened to be in the area.

No two-legs ever saw him or wounded him, most who tried simply flung their nasty spikes on sticks and their nets into the darkness with the distant hope of catching him. None ever came close; until one night.

The murderous dragon had just sent a well placed blast into a net freeing some of his fellow dragons, the explosion proceeded to wipe out the front of a nearby house. Night Fury felt the familiar pang of satisfaction that always followed a blast, he followed the curve of the coast as he wheeled round to make another shot. But as he passed a cliff he heard a rush of air and then immediately he felt pain, physical pain, it wrapped around him and held him still, leaving the dragon to screech as it dragged him down to the earth. He had been flying fast so he still travelled a distance into the forest before finally feeling the grounds terrible caress that sent him spinning into unconsciousness.

_Not even a year out of his egg, Night Fury sat on a rock looking out to sea. In the distance he saw two black shapes, only identifiable due to his advanced sight, as they came closer Night Fury could see the glint of his parents eyes out of the darkness. He hollered to them, a rare emotion, joy, flooded though the young dragon as the two adults landed either side of him. His mother regurgitated some fish

and unidentifiable meats in front of him. Night Fury wasted no time in greedily gulping down his meal, his soul sang as he finished and looked into the caring eyes of his parents._

Night Fury felt trapped, he could feel the thin binding round his body and wings, normally he would have tried to snap it but he was so weak and the binding was wrapped around so much of his body he could barely move. He became aware that he was laid on his sideâ€¦ and **something**was leaning against one of his front legs; the leg in question kicked off the intruder. Night Furys eyes snapped open, blinding anger shown by his pupils being no more than slits in a sea of green. And **there** the stricken dragon saw out of one eye - a young two-legs, terrified green eyes fixed on him, sweeping up and down his body. Night Furys anger intensified, not just at the two-legs but at all living creatures, he wanted to engulf the world in a fiery inferno, rip anything that moved limb from limb. Anger engulfed his very being, watching the two-legs mumbling to itself then take a deep breath as it raised its sharp-stick, Night Fury grunted and let his head flop back as memories flashed across his mind.

_Almost a year out of the egg. Sitting on a rock. Watching, waiting.

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Sunrise painted the horizon. Still alone.

A crash nearby wakes him from sleep.

Night Fury Mother laid on the ground trembling.

By her side peering at her.

Black liquid pooling further and further, coating Night Fury.

Night Fury Mother takes heaving breaths, Night Fury sees black tipped spike-stick protruding from her side.

Gone. Faded away. Night Fury waits.

Night Fury Mother gone. Night Fury Father never returned.

Night Furys eyes snapped open. Drawn out of the past by the sound of sawing and snapping. Feeling the bonds loosen Night Fury focuses, now aware of the young two-legs by his side, cutting him out. As soon as he felt his limbs free the dragon leapt onto the two-legs, pinning him to a rock. The pair locked eyes. Cold, hard fury against unbridled terror. Night Fury huffed, ruffling the mousey hair covering the head of the small creature pinned beneath him.

Night Fury reared up and opened his jaws.

Purple fury build up from his core, he released years of anger in that one breath of fire.

It swept out of his maw, coating the terrified two-legs, in less than a second its face had shrivelled and blackened. Claws dug into its shoulders deeper and deeper as the body weakened and melted. Its face a pool of bone and blackened flesh, Night Fury began to make strokes with his paws, ripping claws through an already weakened structure.

In less than a minute it was over, all that remained was a shrivelled pile of blackened bones and sticky flesh, whatever it was no longer resembled a body in any way. Even the rock the two-legs had been pinned to was blackened and melted.

Night Fury turned from the kill and swept his wings out. He made two strokes and leapt into the air, only to come crashing down again. Startled the dragon made three more attempts, all with the same result. With four failures to take to the air Night Fury sat and looked at his tail, where there had been a dull throb which had previously gone unnoticed. He raised his one remaining tail fin in shock. Where his left tail fin had once been was a jagged, bloody slash where it had been torn clean off.

He could no longer fly. Devoid of all hope Night Fury bayed his anger to the unyielding sky above.

End
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